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Programme

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October 16, 1922

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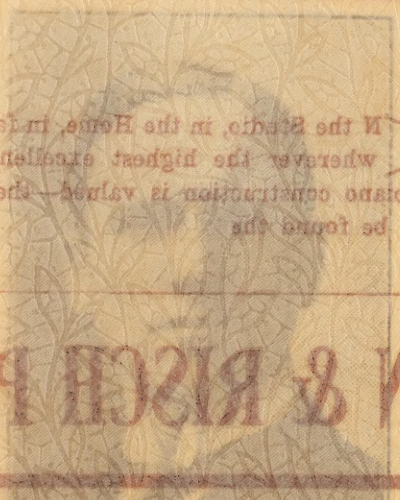

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PROGRAMME I.

(*a*) Sommi Dei! (Aria di Polissena, "Radamisto," 1720).....*G. F. Handel*

God's all pow'rful!
God's all pow'rful!
Who from Heaven
Behold my anguish;
Ah! Restore my heart!

(*b*) Or ch'io non seguo piu (Rontani, 15 -16).....*arr. by Floridia*

Now that I seek no more
My pitiless love
I do not feel my pain
And my heart, that suffered so much
Now is gay, very gay.
Living in the joy of freedom,
Now is gay, very gay.

Now that I do not see any more
That alluring image
I am no more prisoner!
And my heart that suffered, etc.

Now that I do not hear any more
Those insincere sighs
I cannot die!
And my heart that suffered, etc.

(*c*) Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces (Old English).....

Phyllis has such charming graces,
Beauty triumphs in her eye;
If not for me her caresses,
I must love her though I die.

Phyllis has such charming graces,
For her smile I pine and sigh.

Lovely Phyllis, thou fair destroyed,
Ease my troubled love-sick mind,
Smile upon a hopeless lover,
Cease to charm or else be kind.

Phyllis has such charming graces,
I must love her though I die.

(*d*) Aria: "Ch'ella mi creda," from the Opera "The Girl of the Golden West".....*Giacomo Puccini*
arr. by H. Lane Wilson

Let her believe that I have gained my freedom.
Living the better life that she has taught me!
Let her await my coming.
The days will pass away,
And I shall not return,
Minnie, star of my wasted life, that lights my journey.
Minnie, true heart, that loved me so very dearly!

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PROGRAMME II.

(*a*) Le Songe (Schurkowsky) ..... *Rubinstein*

'Twas in a meadow by the way where on the hay I slumber'd;
A gentle dream upbore me where float angel hosts unnumber'd.
I waken'd and with sigh profound
Look'd sadly, vainly all around,
A minstrel came that way along and sang a song so ringing—
And thro' the trees pass'd like a gleam,
While still the tones were ringing,
Ah! were they those which from my dream,
Still to my soul were clinging.

(*b*) L'ane blanc (Klingsor) ..... *Hue*

I send thee neither vase nor rose tonight,
O charming Mirza mine, but thou shalt have,
Led by a dusky slave,
A donkey of Bassora, dainty-white.

The saddle is of wondrous leather made
And damask, all with gold inlaid;
And from the bridle, silken-wound,
Hang green, embroidered ribbons to the ground.

Tomorrow thou wilt don thy robe of blue,
Brimming with painted birds, all flying,
And round your slender form a girdle tying,
Within the silver stirrup place your shoe.

And thou, lulled by the donkey's tranquil tread,
Shalt come, like a fair queen of Eastern lands,
To the far, humbler shed
Of this adoring sorcerer of fate.

(*c*) E'en Little Things (Tommaseo Tuscan Song) ..... *Wolf*

E'en little things can yield us perfect pleasure,
E'en little things may be supremely dear.
Reflect, how precious are the pearls we treasure,
Tho' great their worth, how small do they appear.
Bethink, how small the olive is in size,
Which for its flavor rare we highly prize.
How small a thing the rose with heart aglow,
Yet how divine its fragrance, as ye know.

(*d*) Cacelie (Hart) ..... *Strauss*

If you but knew, sweet, what 'tis to dream
Of fond, burning kisses, of wand'ring and resting
With the beloved one; gazing fondly, caressing and chatting.
Could I but tell you, your heart would assent.

If you but knew, sweet, the anguish of waking
Through nights long and lonely
And rocked by the storm when no one is near
To soothe and comfort the strife-weary spirit.
Could I but tell you, you'd come, sweet, to me.

If you but knew, sweet, what living is
In the creative breath of God, Lord and Maker;
To hover, upborne on dove-like pinions
To regions of light. If you but knew it,
Could I but tell you, you'd dwell, sweet, with me.

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PROGRAMME III.

(*a*) I Pastori (D'annunzio) ..... *Pizzetti*

September, let us go,
It is time to move on—
Now in the land of the Abruzzi,
The shepherds leave the folds,
And go towards the sea.
They wander down to the wild Adriatic,
Green as the mountain pastures.
They have drunk deeply from the mountain springs,
That the taste of native waters,
May remain, as a solace in their exiled hearts,
And, that for a long time,
It may assuage their thirst along the way.
They have made new staves.
They go along the ancient trail to the plain,
As along a silent river of grass.
On the foot-steps of their ancient fathers
O voice of him who first knew
The shimmering light of the seal!
Now, along the shore, the flock treads its' way.
All is silent!
The sun so gilds the live wool;
That it can scarcely be distinguished from the sand.
The splashing!
The treading!
The soft voices!
Ah! why am I not with the shepherds!

(*b*) Angeleca (Salvatore di Giacomo) ..... *Pizzetti*

Late on Easter night—one o'clock—
And I'd had too much to drink,
Through the side-streets and alleys
I was going home.
Uhi la! La-ra-la-la!!
Foolish from too much drink!!!
No one else was passing;
And one alley was, Oh! so dark;
It seemed like the mouth of a wolf!
Hoo-ray!! I must sing!
Uhi la! La-ra-la-la!!
It seemed like the mouth of a wolf!!!
Hel—lo!! A light! That's her floor;
A light right there in her window!
Uhi la! La-ra-la-la!!
'Way up on the top balcony!!
Say! Can it be that Angeleca
Is being married? That with cakes and wine
She is making merry right under my nose!
Uhi la! La-ra-la-la!!
You!!!! What do you think you're doing!
It dosen't seem possible!
And I was so gay and so happy all evening!
Uhi la! La-ra-la-la!
It dosn't seem possible!
Bah!! To the devil with you, Angeleca!
What do I care?
And right-under my nose!
Uhi la! La-ra-la-la!!!
What do I care?
"Hey!!! Watchman!! Excuse me—
Angeleca—is gettng marriied?"
"What's the matter with you,
Can't you see that the door is ajar?"
Uhi la!! La-ra-la-la!!!
"Oh! yes, I see—the door is ajar!
"Excuse me—but—what does that mean
The door ajar?"
"It means that she's dead! — Good night!!!!"
Uhi la!! La-ra-la-la!!!
Means—that—she's dead—Oh! Oh! Oh!
And—good night!!

(*c*) Se la vedessi (Emilian Peasant Song) ..... *Grimandi*

If you could only see her
When she goes to market,
She looks like a Marquise
In that pretty little bonnet.
O mariner, mariner, mariner,
Without that little blond head
Life is not worth living.
If you could only see her.
Promenading in Piazza Colonna
There in the centre of Rome
O mariner, mariner, etc.—
If you could only see her
Out for a daily stroll,
What a carriage, what a picture,
She captivated everyone;
O mariner, mariner, etc.—

(*d*) Aria: "La fleur q ue tu m'avais jetee" ("Carmen") ..... *Bizet*

This flow'r you gave, to me, degraded
Mid prison walls, I've kept the faded,
Tho withered quite, the tender bloom,
Doth yet retain its sweet perfume.
Night and day in darkness abiding
I, the truth, Carmen am confiding,
Its loved odor did I inhale
And wildly called thee without avail.
My love itself I cursed and hated,
And moaning, alas! I repeated,
By what dark law that fatal day,
Saw I her form cursing my way.
Then alone myself I detested,
And naught else this heart interested
Naught else it felt but one desire,
One sole desire it did retain,
Carmen, beloved, to see thee once again.
Show by thyself with love's impression
One single look, love, upon me cast,
And of my heart take full possession
O Carmen mine,
Here as thy slave, love binds me fast,
Carmen, I love thee!

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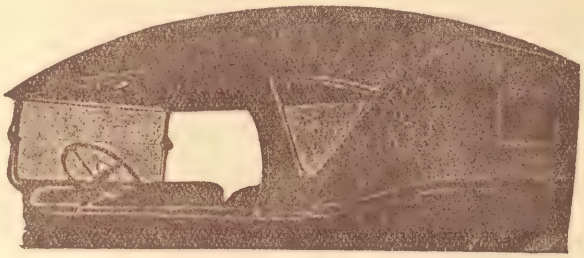

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PROGRAMME IV.

(*a*) I Hold Her Hands (Tagore) ..... *Russell*

I hold her hands, and press her to my breast.
I try to fill my soul with her loveliness,
To plunder her sweet smile with kisses,
To drink her dark glances with my eyes.
Ah, but where is it?
Who can strain the blue from the sky?

I try to grasp the beauty, it eludes me,
leaving only the body in my hands
Baffled and weary, I come back.
How can the body touch the flower,
which only the spirit may touch—
the spirit?

(*b*) Twilight (Teasdale) ..... *Glen*

Dreamily over the roofs
The cold spring rain is falling
Out in the lonely tree,
A bird is calling, calling.

Slowly over the earth
The wings of night are falling
My heart like the bird in the tree
Is calling, calling, calling.

(*c*) Leezie Lindsay (Ballad from Scotch Minstrelsy) ..... *arr. by Kreisler*

Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?

To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir?
I dinna ken, how that may be,
For I kenna the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

Leezie lassie, 'tis little that ye ken,
If sae be ye dinna ken me,
For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain of high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

(*d*) Lassie o' Mine (Bowles) ..... *Walt*

I love a lassie as fair as can be,
And she dwells where the blue-bell grow,
Far in old Scotland across the deep sea
Where the heather is all aglow.
Sometimes dreaming here alone,
Mem'ry makes her heart my own,
And I hear her calling sweet and low,
For I know that she loves me so!

Far o'er the mountain one day shall I roam,
For it's there that my heart would be,
Blue-bell and heather are calling me home,
To the lassie who longs for me.
Day is dying, night is near,
Only one sweet voice I hear,
And I soon shall wander o'er the hill
To the lassie who loves me still.

(*e*) Life (Cutting) ..... *Curran*

Life, come to me today!
This I entreat,
Flow in my hands, inform my lagging feet,
Shine in my eyes, and smile upon my dips,
O lift my spirit's flame from dull eclipse!
And sing within my heart
That I may be Life, Life!
Life in my turn for those who look to me!

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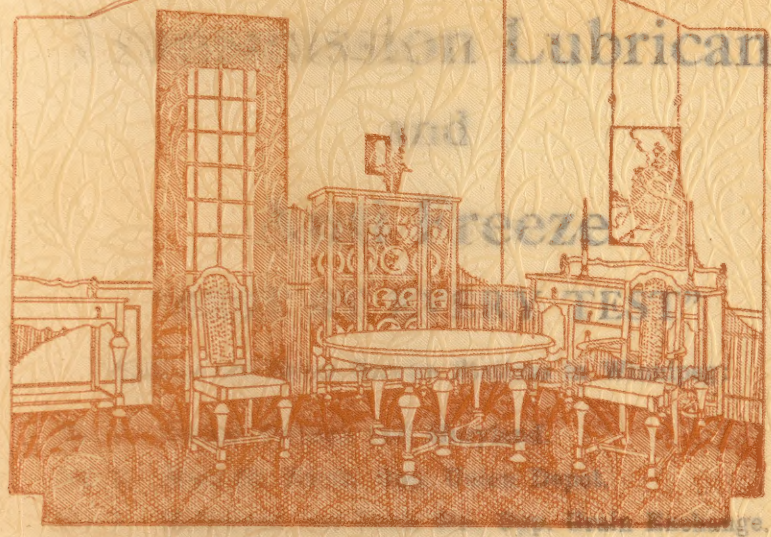

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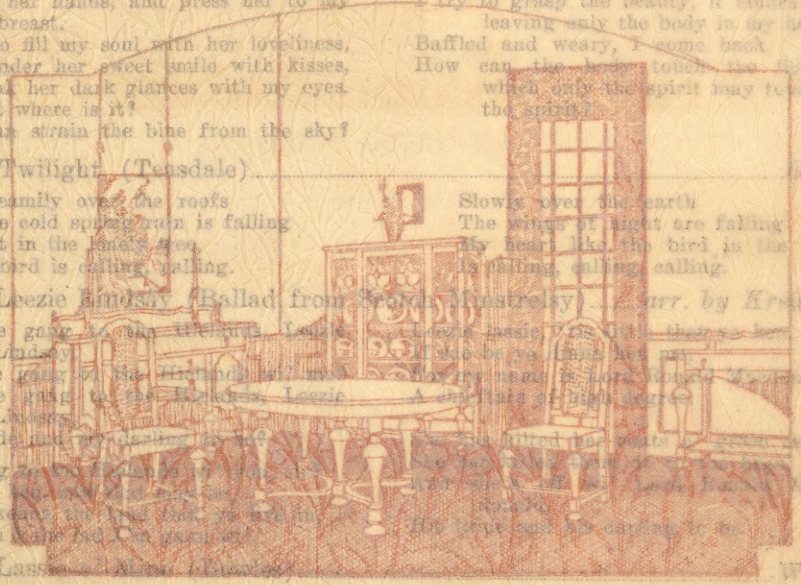

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PROGRAMME IV.

(a) I Hold Her Hands (Pease).

I hold her hands, and press her to my breast.
I try to fill my soul with her loveliness,
To plunder her sweet smile with kisses,
To drink her dark glances with my eyes.
Ah, but where is it?
Who can strain the blue from the sky?

I try to grasp the beauty, it eludes me,
leaving only the body in my hands.
Baffled and weary, I come back
How can the hand touch the flower
which only the spirit may touch,
the spirit?

(b) Twilight (Teasdale).

Dreamily over the roofs
The cold spring rain is falling
Out in the lonely sea,
A bird is calling, calling.

Slowly over the earth
The wings of night are falling
My heart, like the bird in the sea
Is calling, calling, calling.

(c) Leezie Lindsay (Ballad from British Minstrelsy) — Curr. by Kreisler

Will ye gang to the Indies, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Indies, Leezie
My bride and my darling to be?
To gang [illegible]
I dinna [illegible]
For I ken [illegible]
Nor ken [illegible]

Leezie lassie (his bride) [illegible]
[illegible]
A [illegible] degree
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

(d) Lassie (Manney-Crawford).

I love a lassie, a lassie that's bonny,
And she dwells where the blue-bell grow
Far in old Scotland across the deep sea
Where the heather is all aglow.
Sometimes [illegible] have [illegible]
Mem'ry makes her [illegible]
And I hear her calling sweet and low,
For I k[illegible]

For it's there that my heart [illegible]
Blue-bell and heather are [illegible]
[illegible]
Day is dying, night is near,
[illegible]
And I soon shall wander [illegible]
To the lassie who loves me still.

(e) Life (Curran).

Life, come to me lovely
Thou I treat,
Flow in my hands, inform my lagging feet,
Shine in my eyes and smile upon my face.
O [illegible] spirit's flame from dim eclipse!
And sing within my heart
Thou [illegible] Life, Life!
Life in my turn for those who look to me!

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